

If you can't come along, love, then you must stay behind
You're bound to say farewell to me
I must bid you goodbye, though I hate to see you cry
But I'm bound for the mountains and the sea
Fare thee well, bound for the mountains and the sea

It's so hard to explain, why I'm leaving once again
It ain't nothing that I haven't done before
It ain't nothing much, I guess, but the thing I love the best
Is rambling this land from shore to shore
In this land, rambling this land from shore to shore

I have walked, I have thumbed, I've rode buses, I've rode trains
I've ridden a time or two in a silver plane
When I think of where I've been, I just have to go again
Just to see if everything is still the same
In this land, see if everything is still the same

So fare well, my dear, and I must be on my way
There's many a thing I must do and see
I'm a mighty restless man in a mighty restless land
And I'm bound for the mountains and the sea
Fare thee well, bound for the mountains and the sea